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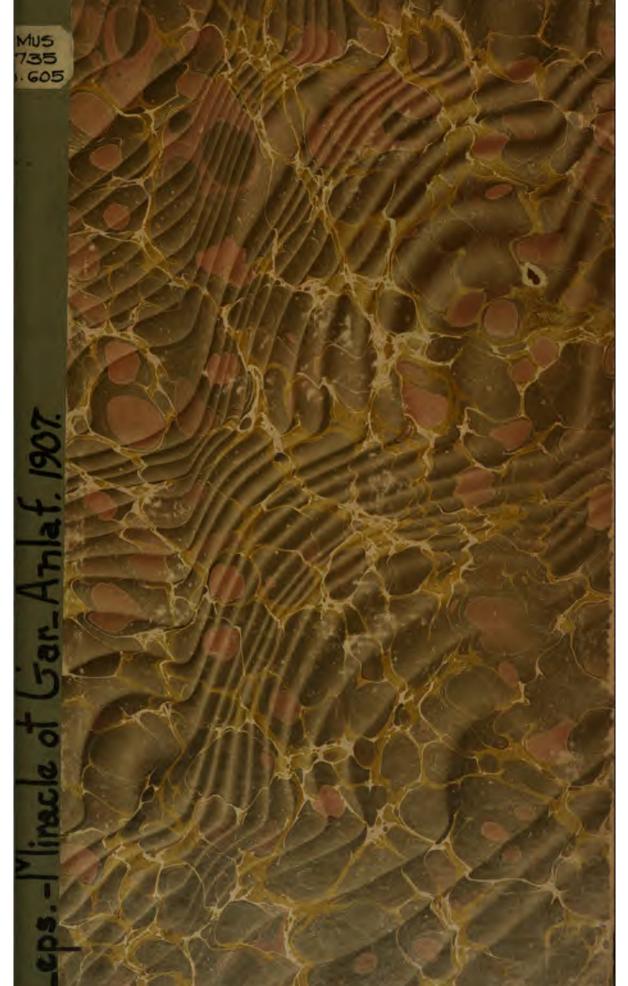
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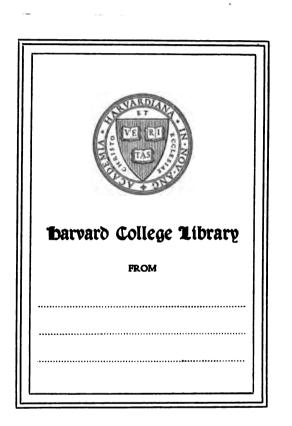
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The Miracle of Gar-Anlaf

A CANTATA

FOR CHORUS OF MEN'S VOICES

AND ORCHESTRA

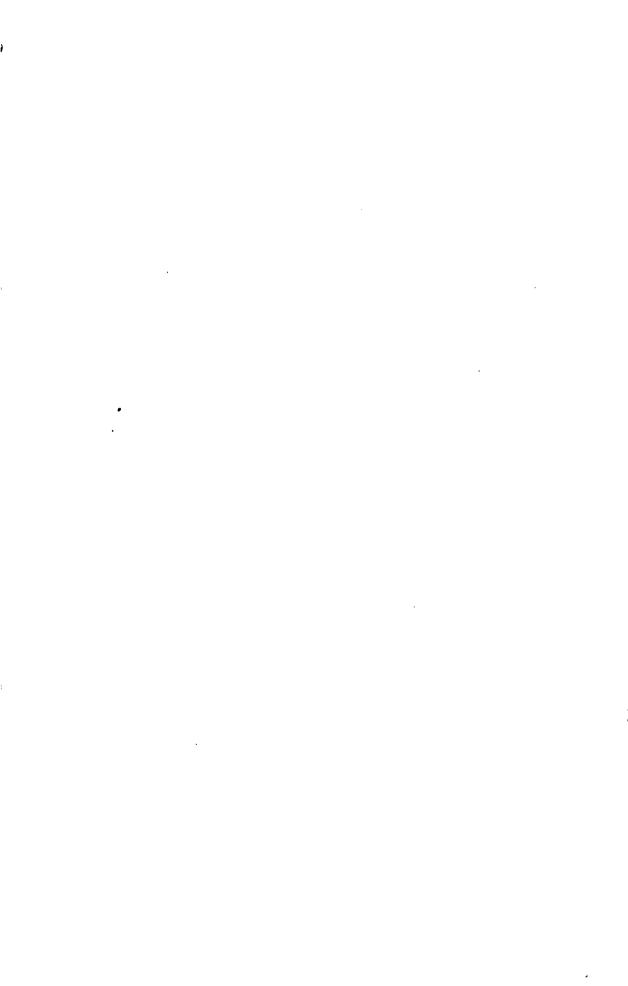


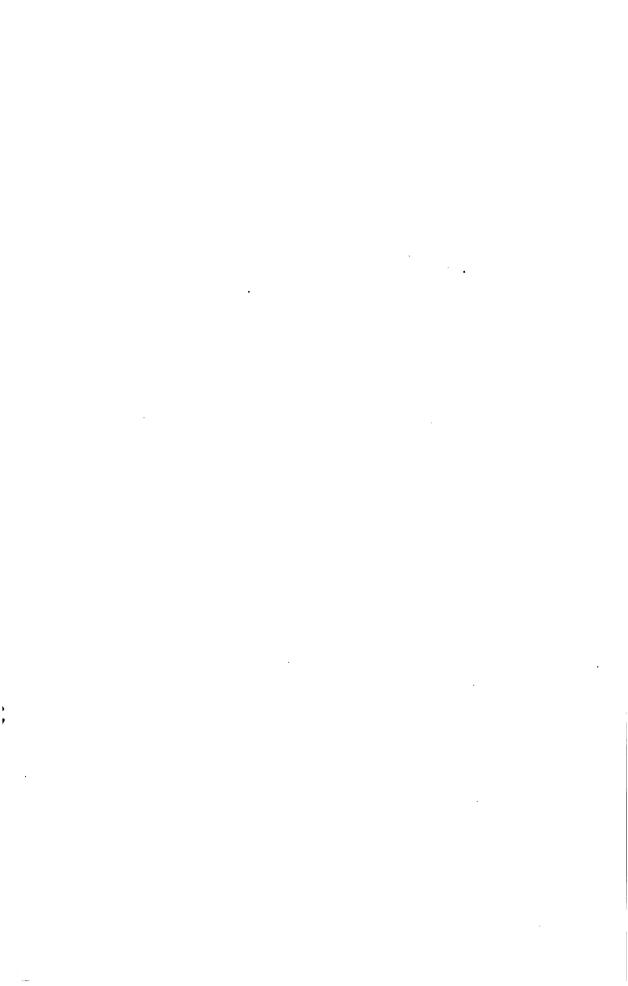
POEM BY JOHN LUTHER LONG

VOCAL SCORE

NEW YORK: G. SCHIRMER

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The Miracle of Gar-Anlaf

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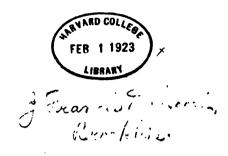


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THE

MIRACLE OF GAR-ANLAF

Gar-Anlaf and Haligar's daughter
Fled far on the outflowing tide
From battles and scarrings and slaughter—
Gar-Anlaf would make her his bride.

They dreamed of some land far from warring, Some people of peace and of love, Who spent life in singing and soaring— Where morning stars glittered above.

For, Anlaf made sagas and sang them,
In days when the sword ruled the world,
Made poems to trees where he'd hang them,
To meadows where oft he lay curled.

And, while the great chief and his warmen Were counting their captives and loot, Gar-Anlaf, adrift, without oarmen, Wove verses to fit Illing's lute.

Now, Haligar hated all peacemen
And lived with his sword never sheathed;
He roared when he knew that this easeman—
This poet and singer—had breathed
Of the thing he called love to his Illing—
"A maker of sagas! A scribe!
Out, sailors, and make a swift killing—
My daughter shall be your fair bribe!
Out—out with the coracle, henchmen!
First fill every quiver with steel!
The longest of oars for the benchmen,
And after with hot-hissing keel!"

"No harm to his daughter—his Illing— But mangle the scribbler, my men! Who first fleshes arrow he's willing Shall husband the jade there and then!"

19448

THE MIRACLE OF GAR-ANLAF

Now, Illing was fair as a moonray, And lissome as willows in spring; In every fond member a rune lay, With lips waiting always to sing.

Her laughter was like bubbling waters,
Her smile was a peace-flag unfurled,
She was the gods' fairest of daughters—
A rose in the wreath of the world.

- "O, Love is of masters the master— O, Love is the king of the world!"
- "Can you keep the wild eagle from soaring?

 Can you keep the wild dove from its mate?"
- "O, vengeance is small in comparing
 With Love, which keys Heaven's own gate!"
- "O, Love is of masters the master— O, Love is the king of the world!"

Now hasted they into the birling,
And made the great oarlocks to smoke,
The ship against fretted waves hurling,
They shortened the chase with each stroke.

Unheeding lay Anlaf and Illing
Together where sun and wind lured;
Love's joy all their being was filling,
Love's peace all their sighings had cured.

They lay crooning staves to each other
From out some late song he had writ—
"By Odin!" cried Haligar. "Smother
Death's doom on him as he doth sit!"

Scarce said, when a shower of arrows
Fled themward—and still they sang on;
The life which seemed scarce worth a sparrow's
Survives, and the arrows clang on!

19448

THE MIRACLE OF GAR-ANLAF

Perhaps some god guarded the birling From devil's foul churls serving Hate, Cloud-hidden and futile bolts hurling— Sure, love-gods forefended ill-fate!

For, by a wild whirl of waves neighbored, And menaced by current and rock, Though sailors and oarsmen all labored— The warboat became a dull block!

And up in the air seemed grim laughter,
The water had faces which mocked,
While sinuous forms followed after—
Hands rose and the futile boat rocked.

"Haste! Turn ye the impotent havel!
And steer ye the only way—back!
For us is that one way to travel—
The gods themselves point it, alack!"

"For, peace is more strong than all warring,
And love is more mighty than hate.
Can you keep the wild eagle from soaring?
Can you keep the wild dove from its mate?"

And, lo! as they turned from disaster,
A song on their evening unfurled:
"O, Love is of masters the master!
O, Love is the king of the world!"

JOHN LUTHER LONG

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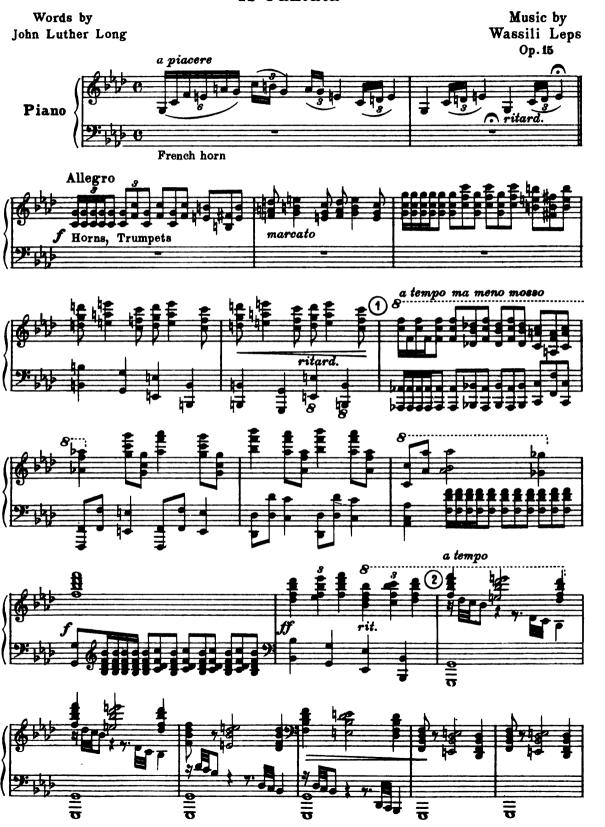
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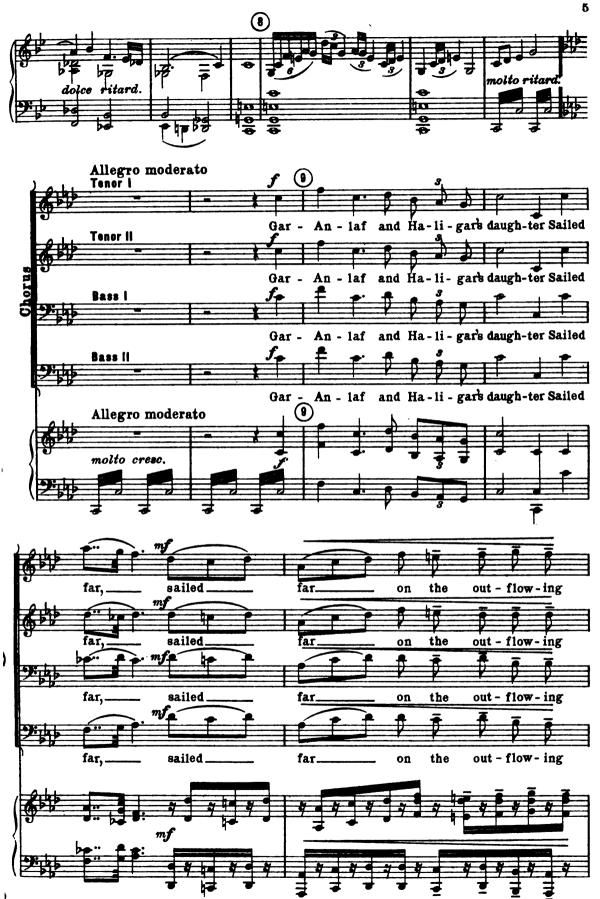
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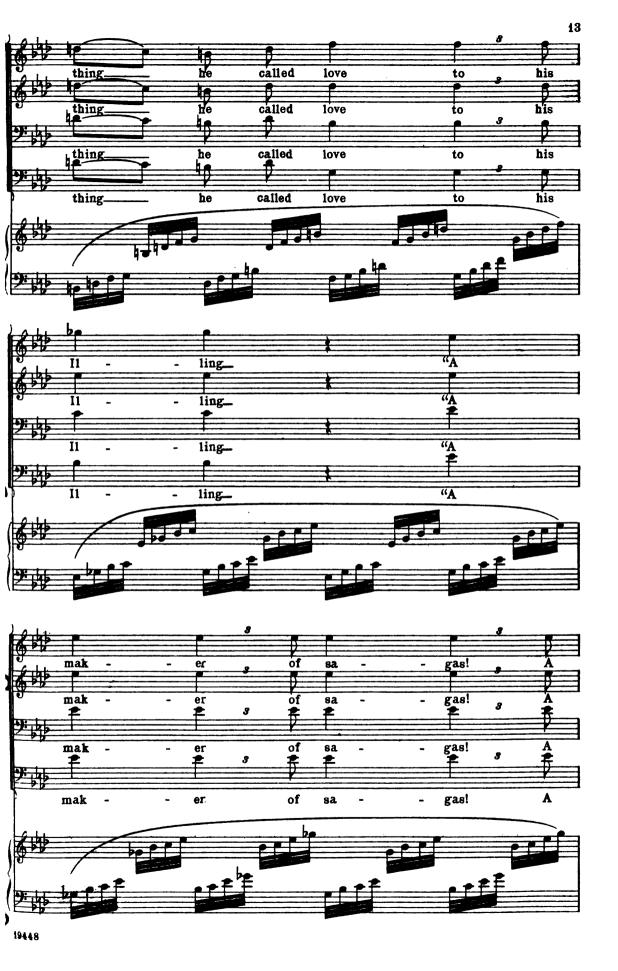


























































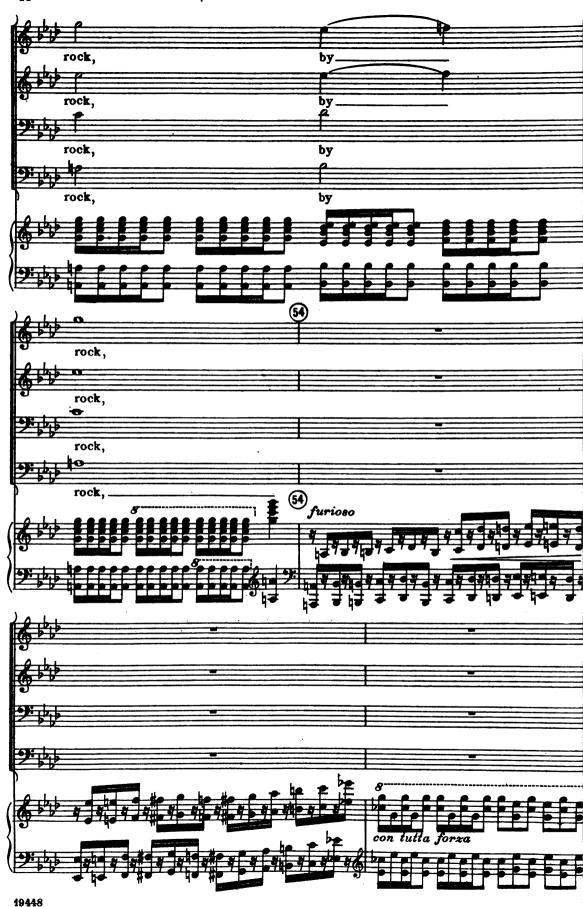






























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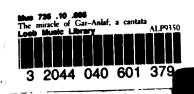


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